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PLAIN AND FANCY BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

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From the New York Mail.

Playing School.

It is a new on the doorstep there.
One little school-ma'am, prim and fat,
Faints more, chills—dumb—
I see the school begins.

Classes in pictures, come this way,
Who sees you absent, Mary Day?
Now, Miss Susan, what's a twice four?
Why he it's seven—may be more.

Johnny, don't lose in your brother's hair,
Stop it! or I might interfere!
May tables—new begin;
Trustees' might come dropping in?

What would they ever say to me,
Finishing school in such a fuss?

Holy Jesus, how is that?

Dog, don't spell out?

Precious boy! your face is red—
Why will you stand upon your head?

Class in spelling, that will do;
Heads' certificates for you.

Faces as pure as the morning sun,
Voices that ring with handles fine,
Is not this the reason you import?
Sweet it is! and I learn it all by heart.

Six or seven on the doorstep there,
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